

BLACK
PANTHER

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BLACK PANTHER™

**HE'S BACK!
AS ONLY
JACK KIRBY
CAN DO IT!**

THEY SEARCHED FOR IT!
THEY FOUGHT--AND EVEN KILLED
FOR IT! WHAT WAS IT?

**KING SOLOMON'S
FROG!**



With the sleekness of a jungle beast, the Prince of Wakanda stalks both the concrete of the city and the undergrowth of the veldt, for when danger lurks he dons the garb of the savage cat from which he gains his name!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **THE BLACK PANTHER!**™

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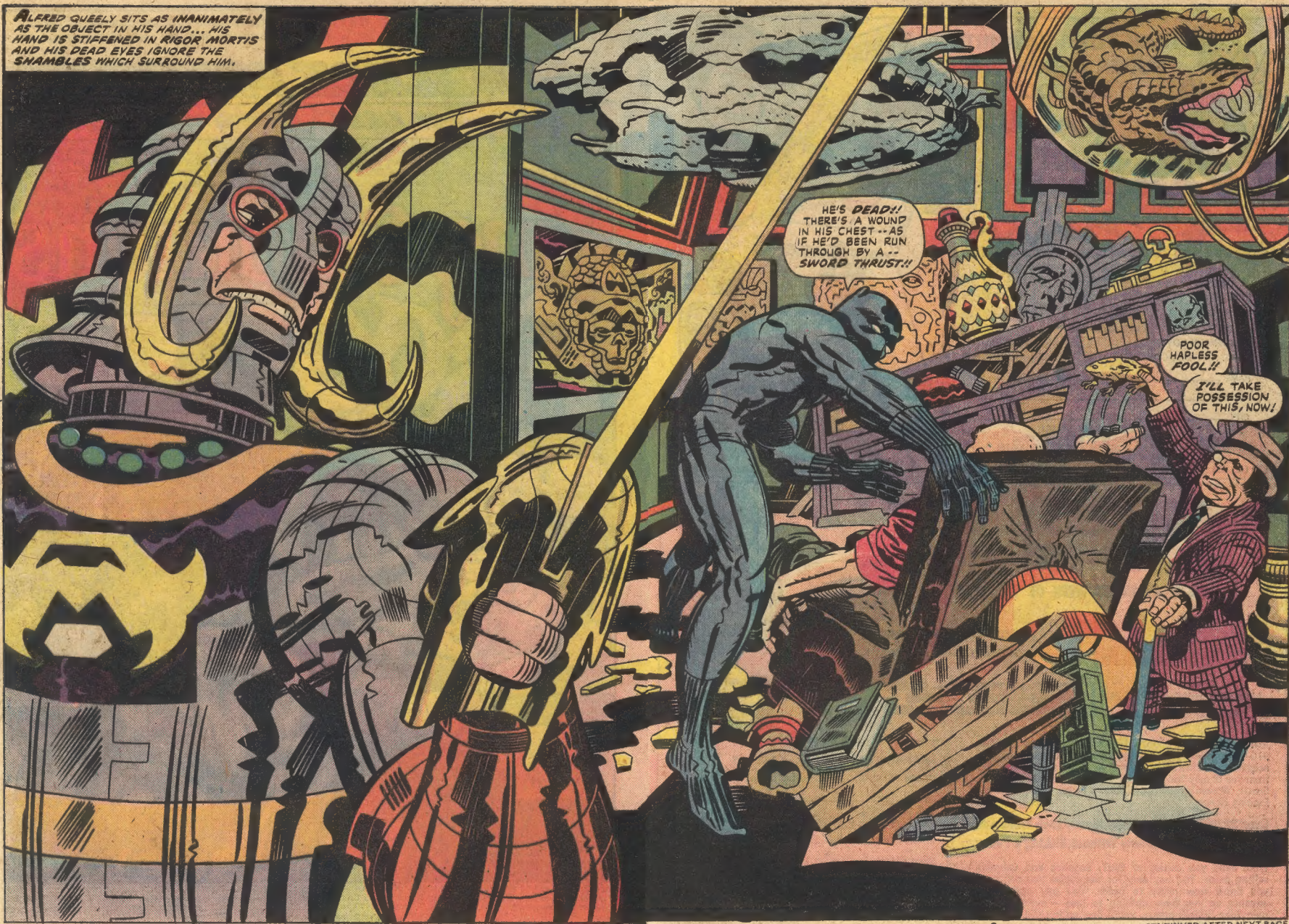
THERE HAVE BEEN OBJECTS THROUGHOUT THE COURSE OF HISTORY WHICH HAVE BEEN SOUGHT AFTER, FOUGHT OVER, AND DIED FOR... BUT NEVER WAS THERE SUCH AN ARTIFACT AS THIS THING OF BURNISHED BRASS!! MYSTERIOUS AND LITTLE KNOWN, IT WAS THE CENTER OF MANY STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS!! NOW, THE BLACK PANTHER HAS ANSWERED ITS CALL! WILL HE FALL VICTIM TO--

King Solomon's FROG!



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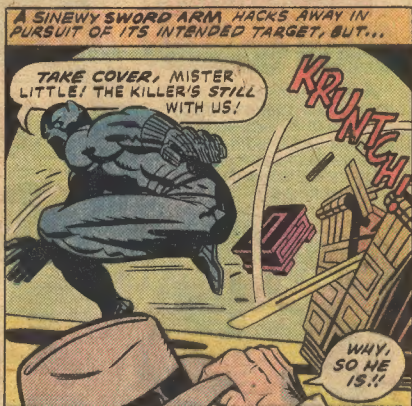
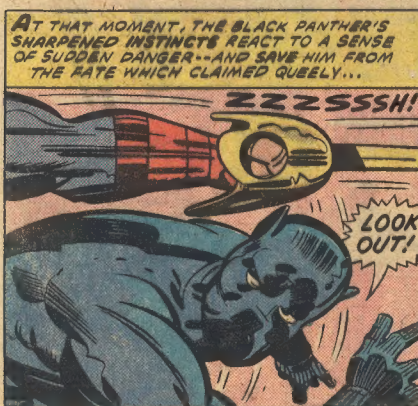
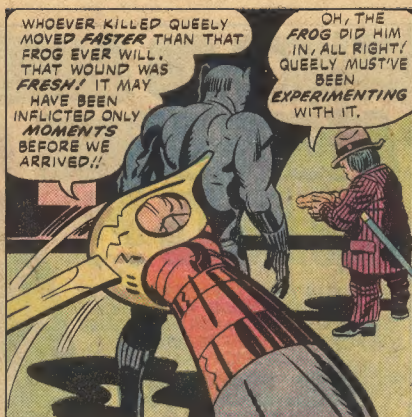
ALFRED QUEELY SITS AS INANIMATELY
AS THE OBJECT IN HIS HAND... HIS
HAND IS STIFFENED IN RIGOR MORTIS
AND HIS DEAD EYES IGNORE THE
SHAMBLES WHICH SURROUND HIM.

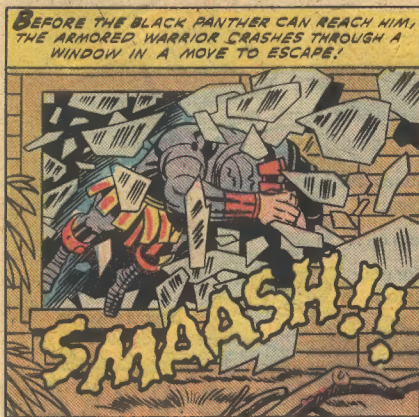


HE'S DEAD!!
THERE'S A WOUND
IN HIS CHEST--AS
IF HE'D BEEN RUN
THROUGH BY A--
SWORD THRUST!!

POOR
HAPLESS
FOOL!!

I'LL TAKE
POSSESSION
OF THIS, NOW!





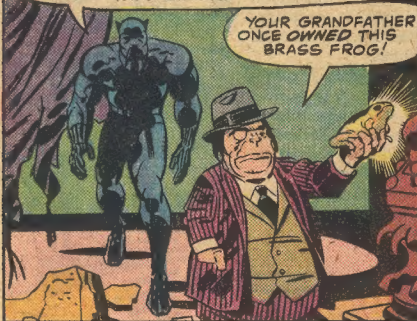
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER LITTLE? I DIDN'T PURSUE THAT MAN BECAUSE I SENSE THAT HIS CAPTURE IS CERTAIN--BECAUSE HE'S A FRIGHTENED **STRANGER** AMONG US.

BECAUSE HE'S THE **REAL MCCOY**, MY BOY! A LIVING WARRIOR PLUCKED FROM ANTIQUITY AND **TRANSPLANTED** THIS CENTURY!



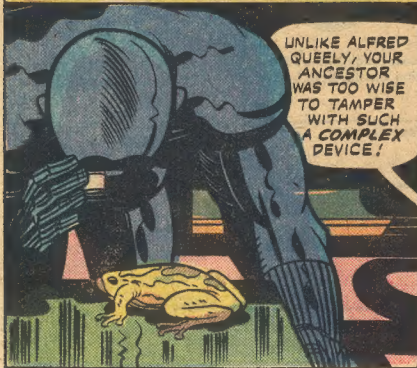
MY GRANDFATHER'S NAME WAS THE MOST **HONORED** AMONG THE AFRICAN LEADERS OF HIS TIME...IF YOUR LETTER HADN'T MENTIONED HIS NAME, I'D **NEVER** HAVE JOINED YOU IN THIS **WILD CAPER**!

YOUR GRANDFATHER ONCE **OWNED** THIS **BRASS FROG**!



STUNNED INTO SILENCE, THE **BLACK PANTHER** USES THE **EYE-PIECE** TO **STUDY** THE **FROG**...

UNLIKE **ALFRED QUEELY**, YOUR **ANCESTOR** WAS TOO WISE TO **TAMPER** WITH SUCH A **COMPLEX DEVICE**!



WHAT--!??

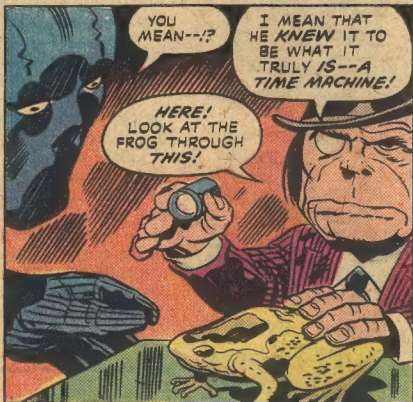
I **APPLAUD** YOUR **UNCANNY PERCEPTION**! YOU'RE A **TRUE GRANDSON OF AZZARI**, THE **WISE**--A MOST **AMAZING MAN**!



YOU **MEAN**--!?

I **MEAN** THAT HE **KNEW** IT TO BE WHAT IT **TRULY IS**--A **TIME MACHINE**!

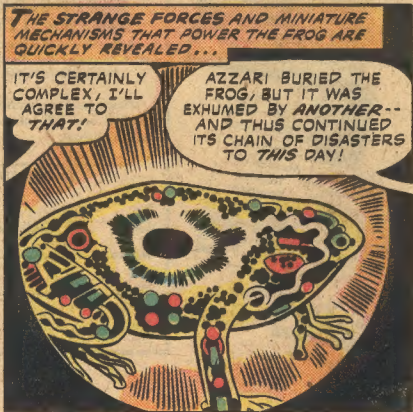
HERE! LOOK AT THE **FROG** THROUGH **THIS**!



THE **STRANGE FORCES** AND **MINIATURE MECHANISMS** THAT **POWER** THE **FROG** ARE **QUICKLY REVEALED**...

IT'S CERTAINLY **COMPLEX**, I'LL **AGREE** TO **THAT**!

AZZARI **BURIED** THE **FROG**, BUT IT WAS **EXHUMED** BY **ANOTHER**--AND **THUS** **CONTINUED** ITS **CHAIN OF DISASTERS** TO **THIS DAY**!

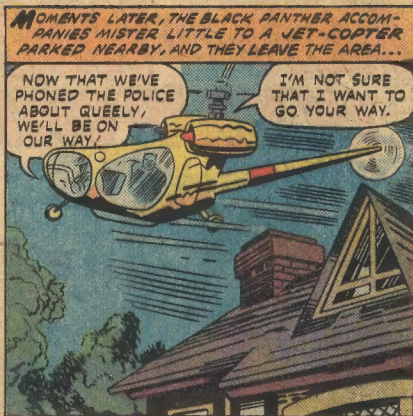




THOSE WHO TAMPER WITH THE FROG ARE **KILLED**-- BY WHATEVER SPRINGS FROM THE OPEN DOOR OF TIME!

QUEEELY LEARNED THAT-- **TOO LATE!**

IT'S TOO BAD THAT WE DIDN'T TRACK HIM DOWN **BEFORE** THIS HAPPENED!



NOW THAT WE'VE PHONED THE POLICE ABOUT QUEEELY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

I'M NOT SURE THAT I WANT TO GO YOUR WAY.



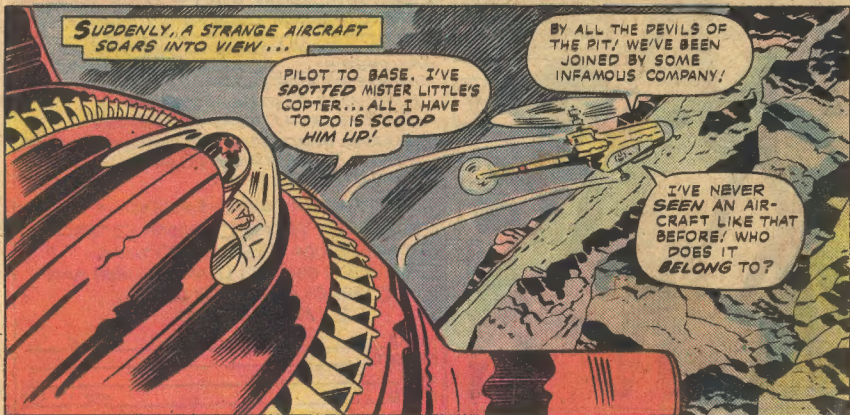
BUT YOU **MUST** SEE THIS THROUGH, MY FRIEND! I DON'T INTEND TO **KEEP** THE BRASS FROG. IT **MUST** BE RETURNED TO ITS ORIGINAL RESTING PLACE--**KING SOLOMON'S BURIAL CHAMBER!!**

W-WHAT!? YOU'VE GONE CRAZY, MISTER LITTLE! AN ARMY OF FOOLS HAS DIED FOLLOWING THAT FAIRY TALE!!



YOU MAY AS WELL LOOK FOR CAMELOT-- OR THE LOST AZTEC CITY OF GOLD!!

KING SOLOMON WAS **NOT** A MYTH. HE LIVED A FABULOUS LIFE-- AND ACCUMULATED **FANTASTIC** TREASURES! THE BRASS FROG WAS AMONG THEM.



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE AIRCRAFT SOARS INTO VIEW...

PILOT TO BASE. I'VE SPOTTED MISTER LITTLE'S COPTER... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SCOOP HIM UP!

BY ALL THE DEVILS OF THE PIT! WE'VE BEEN JOINED BY SOME INFAMOUS COMPANY!

I'VE NEVER SEEN AN AIRCRAFT LIKE THAT BEFORE! WHO DOES IT BELONG TO?

THE PURSUER CLOSES RAPIDLY WITH HIS PREY! HUGE DOORS OPEN IN THE MOUTH OF THE MYSTERY PLANE...

I--I THINK HE INTENDS TO SNATCH THIS COPTER OUT OF THE AIR!!

IF WE DON'T PUT SOME FAST MILEAGE BETWEEN US AND THAT TIN SHARK, YOU CAN POSTPONE YOUR TRIP TO KING SOLOMON'S TOMB!

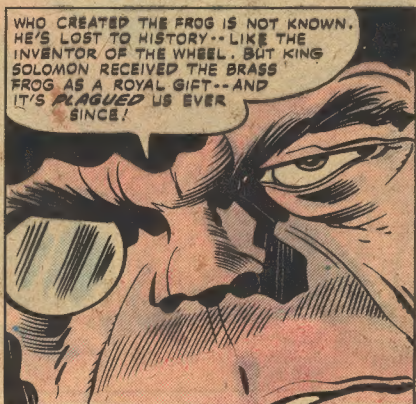
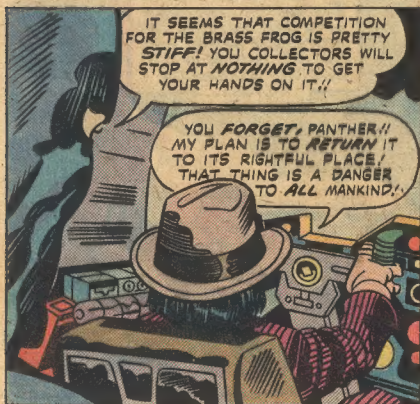
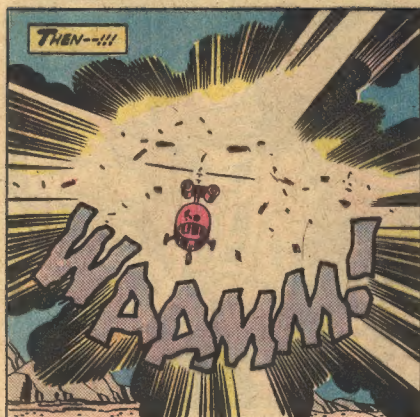
HOW ABOUT IT, MISTER LITTLE!?

NEVER FEAR, PANTHER! IN MY DEALINGS WITH COMPETITORS I'VE LEARNED TO PREPARE FOR ANY CONTINGENCY!

KLIK!

WHEN MISTER LITTLE FLIPS A SWITCH TWO DEADLY MISSILES LEAP FROM THE COPTER'S TAIL AND ROCKET INTO THE OPEN JAWS OF THE FLYING TRAP...

MISSILES! YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY PLAYING GAMES, ARE YOU!?

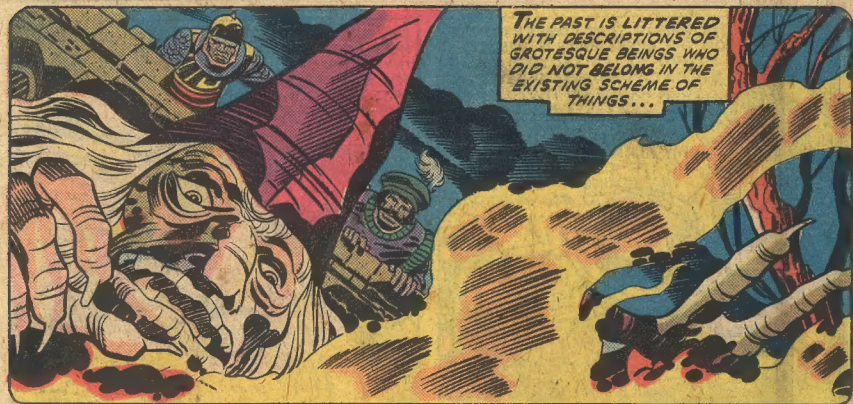


THE MYTHS THAT
ROSE FROM THE
ENSUING MASSACRE
LASTED FOR AGES...BUT
TODAY, THE STORY
OF ALI BABA AND THE
GENIE IS DEEMED FIT
ONLY FOR CHILDREN.

YAAAA!!
I-IT'S
LEVELLING
THE
TOWN!

GROWRRR!!

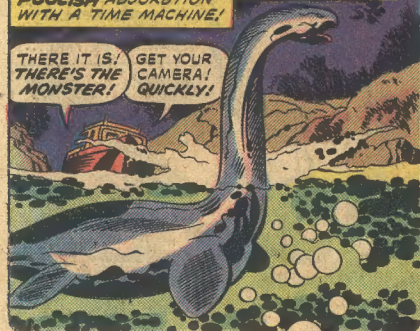
RUN! RUN!
THE HIDEOUS
THING WILL
DESTROY
US!!



ALFRED QUEELY WAS NOT THE FIRST TO
EXPERIMENT WITH THE BRASS FROG IN THIS
CENTURY! THE PREHISTORIC THING IN
LOCHNESS IS AMPLE TESTIMONY TO MAN'S
FOOLISH ABSORPTION
WITH A TIME MACHINE!

THERE IT IS!
THERE'S THE
MONSTER!

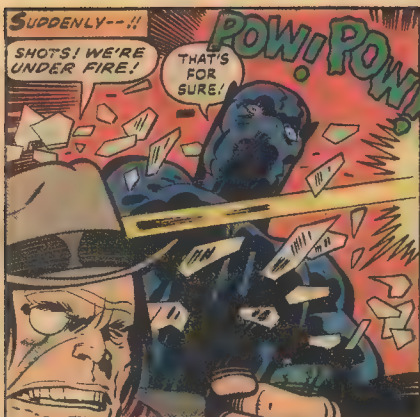
GET YOUR
CAMERA!
QUICKLY!



IT'S A FANTASTIC PREMISE,
MISTER LITTLE--AND VERY
HARD TO
DIGEST! I'VE
YET TO SEE
THIS BRASS
FROG
OPERATE!!

RESTRAIN
YOUR
IMPULSES
--OR WE'LL
BOTH WIND
UP LIKE
QUEELY!





SUPPENLY--!!

SHOTS! WE'RE UNDER FIRE!

THAT'S FOR SURE!

POW! POW!



IT'S YOUR COMPETITION AGAIN!! THEY'VE PUT A JET-PACK SQUAD ON OUR TAIL!



THE ATTACKERS ARE WELL TRAINED! THEY MANEUVER WITH EFFORTLESS AND SINISTER EASE...

FORCE 'EM DOWN!

THEY DON'T RESPOND! LET'S FLANK 'EM ON BOTH SIDES!

THEY'LL GET THE IDEA! BUT IF THEY DON'T-- HIT 'EM!!



THE JET-PACKERS KEEP PACE WITH THE COP-TER LIKE AN AERIAL ESCORT. THEY POINT THEIR WEAPONS AND SIGNAL FOR SURRENDER!

THEY WANT US TO LAND, MISTER LITTLE. THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



GOT ANY MORE SURPRISES UP YOUR SLEEVE? OR DO WE OBEY THEIR ORDER?

WE'LL DO WHAT WE'RE EQUIPPED TO DO--LIKE SWITCHING TO SUPER-SONIC SPEED!!

THE COPTER SUDDENLY SHOOTS FORWARD AND VANISHES INTO THE DISTANCE BEFORE THE STARTLED ASSASSINS CAN REACT...

T-THEY'RE GONE!

T-THEY TOOK OFF! LIKE A ROCKET!

W-WHAT HAPPENED!?



MEANWHILE, MILES AHEAD, THE COPTER STREAKS ON AT BLURRING SPEEDS...

YOU CAN SLOW IT DOWN NOW, MISTER LITTLE!! WE'VE DEFINITELY LOST THEM!!

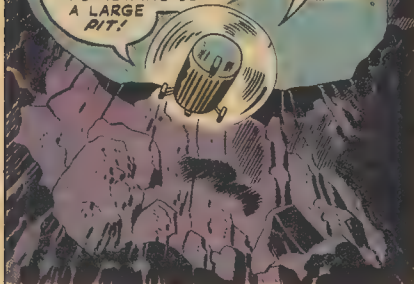
VERY WELL, MY LANDING PAD IS NOT FAR FROM THIS AREA!



SOON AFTER...

WE'RE DESCENDING! YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE HANGING INSIDE THIS! WHY, IT'S NOTHING BUT A LARGE PIT!

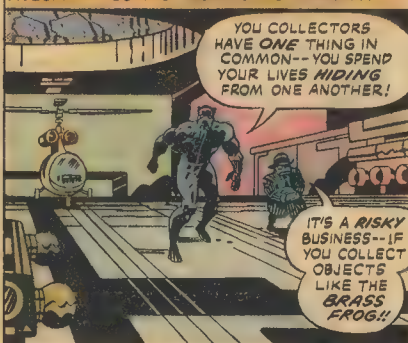
A PIT CARVED BY NATURE, LAD! IT'S THE BEST KIND OF COVER!!



AT THE FLOOR OF THE PIT, A LANDING AREA OF IMPRESSIVE DIMENSIONS AND CONSTRUCTION ACCOMMODATES THE DESCENDING COPTER...

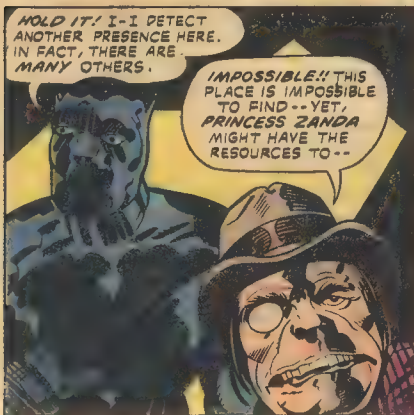
YOU COLLECTORS HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON--YOU SPEND YOUR LIVES HIDING FROM ONE ANOTHER!

IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS--IF YOU COLLECT OBJECTS LIKE THE BRASS FROG!!



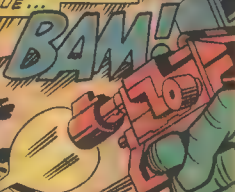
HOLD IT! I-I DETECT ANOTHER PRESENCE HERE. IN FACT, THERE ARE MANY OTHERS.

IMPOSSIBLE!! THIS PLACE IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND--YET, PRINCESS ZANDA MIGHT HAVE THE RESOURCES TO--

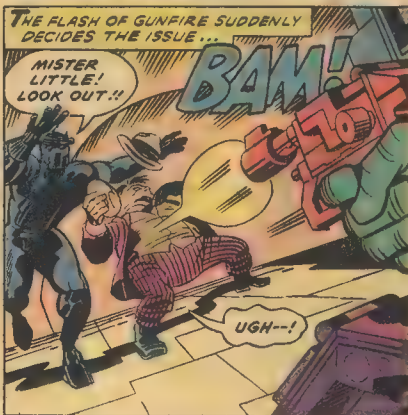


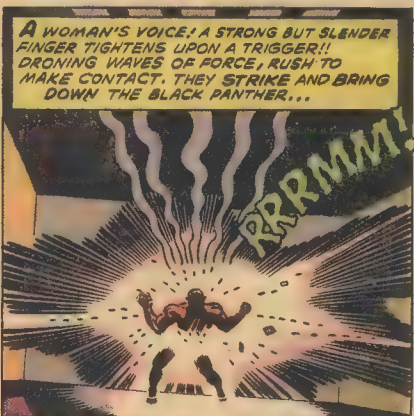
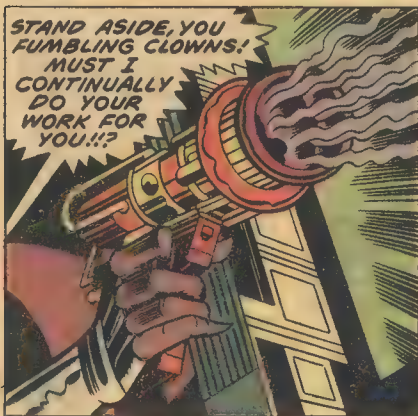
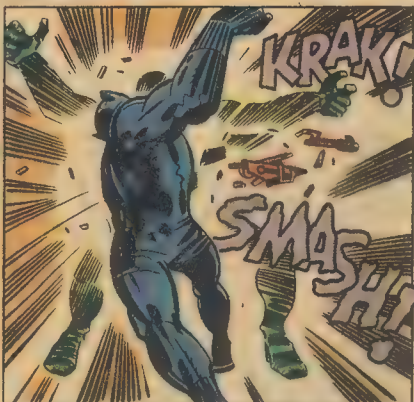
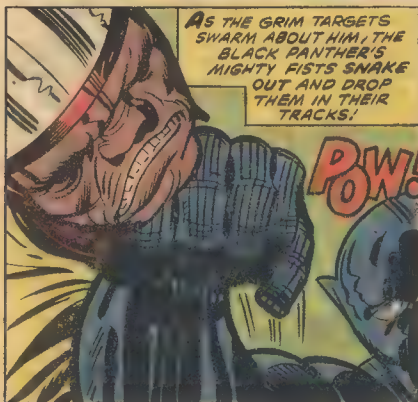
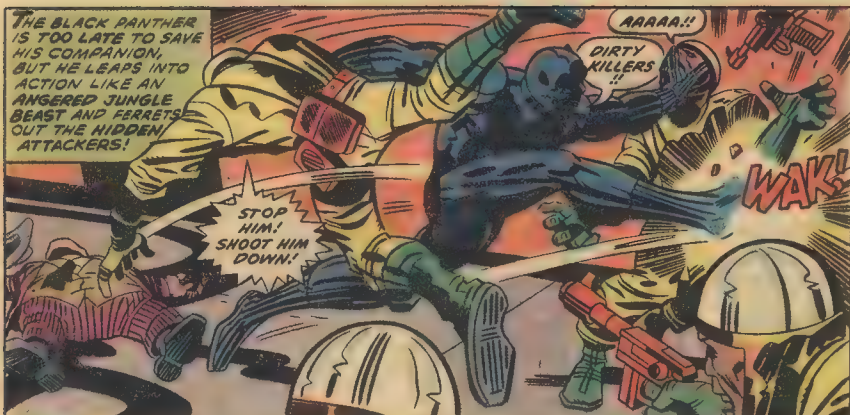
THE FLASH OF GUNFIRE SUDDENLY DECIDES THE ISSUE...

MISTER LITTLE! LOOK OUT!!



UGH--!!





EVERY NERVE IN THE PANTHER'S BODY BECOMES A CENTER OF PAIN! HE SCREAMS ONCE AND COLLAPSES IN A LIMP HEAP. THEN HIS VICTORIOUS ADVERSARY MAKES HER APPEARANCE...

THIS A DAY OF TRIUMPH, PRINCESS ZANDA! YOU'VE CONQUERED YOUR ENEMIES AND WON THIS COVETED PRIZE!!

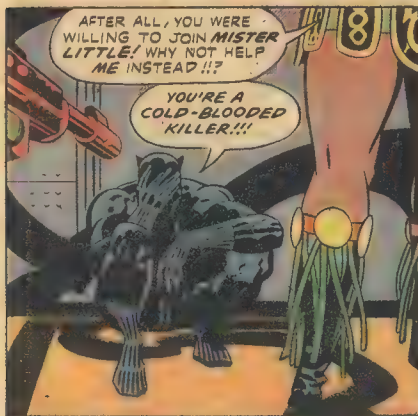
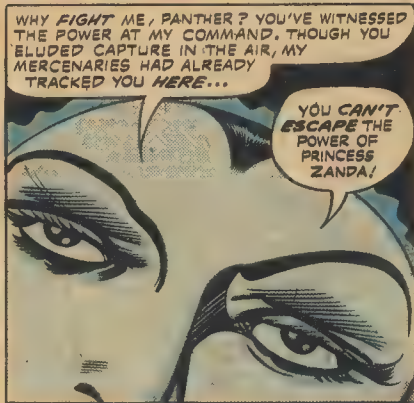
THE BRASS FROG IS YOURS!

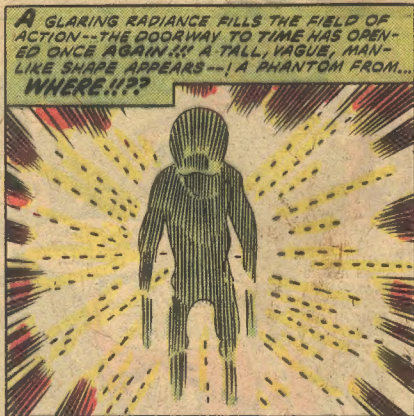
SERVILE BUFFOON!
YOU'RE FORTUNATE THAT I DIDN'T TURN MY NERVE WAVES ON THE LOT OF YOU!

GIVE ME THAT ARTIFACT!

MISTER LITTLE IS DEAD, MISTRESS. SHALL WE FINISH THE BLACK PANTHER AS WELL??

NO, YOU FOOL! THE PRINCESS HAS NEED OF HIM FOR HER PLANS!





WHEN THE BLINDING
LIGHT FADES, THE
TIME THRESHOLD HAS
CLOSED... BUT THE
BIZARRE BEING
WHO HAS STEPPED
ACROSS THE
CENTURIES
NOW STANDS
SOLID AND
ALONE...
FACING
CREATURES
AS STRANGE
TO HIM
AS HE IS TO
THEM!

WHAT
ARE YOU!?
SPEAK...
OR DIE!!

HATCH
22

BY THE
GREAT LION! THE
BRASS FROG'S
HIT THE
JACKPOT
THIS TIME!

IF YOU THINK OUR
PAST HAS BEEN STORMY--
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT'S
COME FROM THE
FUTURE!!

NEXT!

DON'T MISS
HIM!!

**THE SIX
MILLION
YEAR
MAN!**

PANTHER POSTSCRIPTS

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THE NEW BLACK PANTHER—THINGS TO COME

New titles call for new text pages. So here I am, Mrs. Kirby's cantankerous husband, sitting unshaven at a rickety typewriter and trying in my own inimitable manner to convey a few words about the new-yet-familiar figure of the Black Panther. For it is the Panther who must leap and cavort about these pages to earn his new book its entrance fee into the Marvel Super-hero *Grande Armée*!

With one new issue fresh off the drawing board, and another almost on its way at this writing, I can only say that you're due to see the Panther the way he was originally intended to be.

You see, every character of distinction who is created from a singular format must, in my estimation, retain that format in order to survive. Like a living, breathing human being, a comics super-hero must forever be himself in order to fulfill his function—which is primarily to entertain the reader, to sell comic books, and to keep all those connected with his existence from developing the Tasmanian Crud.

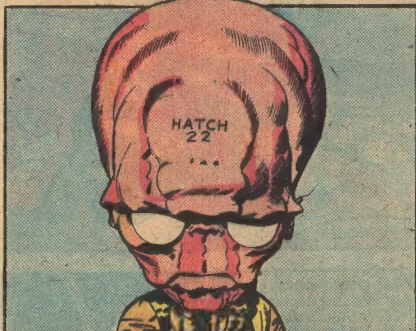
So, the Black Panther you will see emerging from these pages is one that will take you to all the exciting, fantastic places your imagination can conjure. And why not?!? That's entertainment, isn't it, folks? You bet!



From now on, you and I are going to swing off into a wide orbit. With the characters and premises introduced in this issue, we've got a ticket on the Universe Express. We'll go anywhere and everywhere, spiralling out into regions we don't even dare guess at. And in this setting, the Black Panther will do our exploring. He will take all the risks, enduring the trials he was created for.

And as for surprises both pleasant and shocking, we have only to look at the supporting cast in this issue to realize that fastening one's seat belt would be advisable. You've seen the mysterious Mister Little (you thought he was dead, didn't you?). And perhaps you're wondering about the identity of Princess Zanda and her power to command a private army. Well, the story behind that will be an eye-opener, I assure you! And, last but far from least, we've introduced a being from man's distant future—Hatch 22—who will give us a frightening look at the variations that lie ahead on our own evolutionary chain.

Now I ask you, dear Marvelite, could you ask for more thrills?



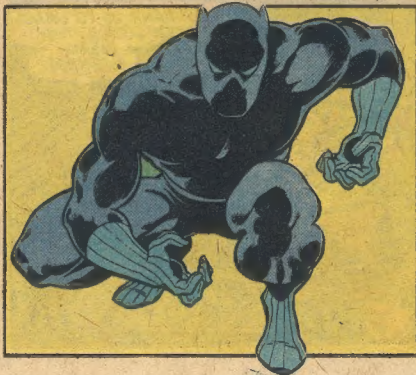
Of course, you could! And you'll be getting them! Mountains and mountains of them! We'll drag you into King Solomon's bizarre burial chamber, and through the fabulous jungle kingdom of Wakanda which spawned the Black Panther. We'll slice more deeply into his amazing ancestry to reveal the true beginnings of the Panther Cult and the intergalactic reasons for its creation. We'll find out what the miracle-metal vibranium *really* is (and you'll be levitated out of your chair at that revelation!).

All of this and more shall flow from the initial proceedings in this very issue. There will be thrills experienced, secrets revealed, and incredible journeys taken into the thought-centers that produce the *boggles* of our minds.

Do the possibilities in all of this intrigue you? I'm staking my best box of cigars that it does. And I'm taking this stand for only one reason: I *like* the Black Panther! He's got the qualities of character that make him as real and thrilling as we want him to be.

And, if we can wander about in his bigger-than-life experiences enough to gain the satisfaction of triumph, perhaps that feeling will stay with us. Who knows, we might even find ourselves winning in the real world! Now, that's *really* worth the price of the book!

—Jack Kirby





scanned by *Wizard*

